THE MOUNTAINEER.

"DO WHAT IS RIGHT, LET THE CONSEQUENCE FOLLOW!"

NO. 4. GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1859. VOL. I.

THE MOUNTAINEER

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY SATURDAY.

OFFICE—North-West Corner of Council House, in the basement Story.

BLAIR & FERGUSON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS: $6 per Annum in Advance.

ADVERTISING.

[Ten Lines, or less, constitute One Square.]

REGULAR ADVERTISEMENTS:

One Quarter Column, each insertion	$2 00
Half Column, "	4 00
One Column, "	8 00

SUNDRY ADVERTISEMENTS:

One Square, each insertion	$1 00
Two Squares "	1 50
Three "	2 00

Thus upward, with a half dollar to the additional square for each insertion.

[For the Mountaineer.]

YOUNG AMERICA.

Liberty's the freeman's glory!
Touch it, and you touch his life;
Let the foe be young or hoary,
Keen will be the fight, and gory,
Ere he yields in slavery's strife.
Mind! his soul is great and noble,
Count the cost before you trouble;
Mark, his children, and his wife.

Touch his honor, and a hero
Darts upon you ere you know;
Soon you'll find unto your sorrow:
"Pay to day, and trust to-morrow,"
Is his motto in each blow!
While the tyrant foeman stammers
'Neath the weight of his sledge-hammers,
Till he welt'ring lays him low.

Freely bounds his unchained spirit,
Careless where he lives or dies!
Truth's reward he strives to merit,
And fair Liberty inherit,
Free from traitors, pimps, and spies,
Loving, shielding all around him!
This, and only this, has bound him
To this land of paradise!

JOHN LYON.

[For the Mountaineer.]

AN ESSAY ON POETRY.

BY JOHN LYON.

POETRY, the subject of the following remarks, is one which has engrossed the attention of all ages, and has been cultivated more or less by all classes, learned, or illiterate. It is supposed by many to be the natural offspring of what is called genius, or a gift which some possess uncommon in their nature, above the general order of intelligence among mankind.

Poetry, however, taken in a more critical view, is no more a gift of natural endowment than music, eloquence, or oratory, or any other acquisition which the taste, fancy or desire may have led those who have acquired any of the above accomplishments to attain.

Many possess the natural powers of musical intonation, who never made any advance in the science of music. So it is with poetry. Eloquence may be said to be the music of letters and words, by which we are enabled to speak fluently. Oratory embraces time, force and expression, the use of words, as well as gesture, in the rounding of periods, and forming climaxes. These are the laws of declamation, all of which require physical organs adapted to the end to which they are applied; while poetry flowing from ideality, embraces all that the orator may use by art, which are so combined together, that it would be difficult to draw a direct line of separation between the one and the other. The ideas of the poet and orator being the same in taste, feeling and character, although the poet may have little rhetorical expression, and the orator less powers to measure metrical composition, yet the ideas in recitation are as requisite to be understood by him as they were in the composer.

In olden times, all those who professed poetry, were generally musicians and declaimers; hence the harp, lute, or lyre are in our own day often mentioned in connection with poetry, as instruments more figurative than real, from the fact of their actual use in early times, by those who followed the recitative or musical, as a profession; indeed, we have only to trace back to the more remote ages of the now most civilized nations to find, that all of them had their poets, who sang their loves, joys, and sorrows over their marriages, conquests, deaths or defeats, or their games, festivals or tournaments, when no other historic means could be employed to commemorate their national achievements. Poetry then, must be viewed as the most primitive developement of literature (if it can be called by that name), inasmuch as the other acquirements which have been noticed were the result of more refined ages, when the power of letters and words was understood and practised. To come to a more accurate conclusion we would require to go as far back as the days of Homer, and from his epic poetry, learn the traditions and legends of his time in his inimitable descriptions, gathered from the scraps and songs of less intelligent authors, who sang of wars, and victories won, by the supposed gods of their mystical creation, before him. From this it is clearly obvious that poetry is not the production of education, but the natural developement of expression.

It seems to be a wise provision made for us by the gods, in our nature, although dimmed, and almost obliterated in consequence of our degeneracy, to speak in happy illustrative language. We can only have a correct idea of this truth, by looking back to the first poets and declaimers on record—men and women, unlearned in the rules of grammatical construction, who have composed the most beautiful pieces, which stand as models of the best composition, down through a series of more than four thousand years.

The Indian tribes who inhabit these valleys of the mountains, are a fair specimen of what all other savages or barbarous nations have been in all ages of the world, before they have attained to a knowledge of letters, or the art of writing. They have their war songs, their rejoicings mingled with the song and dance, their songs commemorative of their warrior chiefs, their victories, their nation, and their ancestry. Indeed they have no other way or method of retaining a history of their national glory and achievements, than by this simple and natural process derived from their natural developement, and the crude arrangement of their ideas. Poetry may be said to be the first transposal of reflection, or conveyance of unwritten thought from father to son, and from one generation or age to another, known by the name of legend and tradition. No verbal prose communication could be so well rehearsed, nor so well remembered; rhyme, verse or blank lives longer on the memory, and is more easily acquired. Hence, the savage, barbarous, and semi-civilized nations have all had their poets to commemorate in song, what they desired should be committed from father to son, as the bye-gone memory of their past deeds. Rules and legends of ancient date were all of a poetic caste, and although many of them are not set forth in rhyme, yet they are all in measured verse. For example, Joseph and his brethren, the poems of Ossian, and in general all the Celtic tales, savor of this description. "Give me," said one English author, "the songs of any nation, whose language we are acquainted with, and it will be easy to tell you their history, morality and refinement, their degradation and the consequences thereof."

It is a well known fact, that poetry when properly directed inspires in the breast a love of country, whether native or adopted; it stimulates the slave with a love of freedom, and freemen with heroic valor. It clothes the rusticity of life with the robes of innocence, makes social conviviality burst its sides with laughter, and imprints a never-to-be-forgotten veneration on the minds of the religious. In truth, nothing in the shape of literature ever has left, or will leave such an indelible impression on the minds of any people, of the past, present, or future, as that of poetry!

The only reason we can advance in proof of this, is, that all men and women are, more or less, developed with the same physical organization, including similar feelings, sentiments, passions, tastes, and desires; so that poetry instead of being an extraordinary and rare gift, is the common endowment of the whole human family, savage, barbarous, or civilized. It is laid in the constitution of man as the basis of all that is great, grand, or beautiful in oratory, eloquence or composition. Learning may refine it, but can never produce it as an art. It takes the precedence of all other forms of language. Nothing can illustrate this idea more vividly than the history of the Latter-day Saints. Gathered as they are from the four quarters of the earth, and that too without the advantages of a liberal education, they are nevertheless filled with the spirit of poetry. The songs of Zion have been sung in every country under heaven, the life of Joseph and his martyrdom, the coming forth of the priesthood, the building of an Holy Temple. The exodus, the triumphs of the First Presidency, and the establishment of the saints in the Rocky Mountains, all these, and a countless number of other songs, are as popular and as inspiring as the songs of any people upon the earth. They may be rude when compared with the classical refinement of modern nations. Still they will progress, and the day is not far distant, when they will equal, if not surpass, any other nation. We can number a few equal to some of the second rate, and one in particular whose spirit has given vent in songs of the deepest veneration, the purest sympathy and the most heaven-inspiring philosophical devotion.

To conclude, we believe poetry to be the undisguised language of truth, whether it be expressed in the highest tones of imagination, eloquence, or in the monitones of the New Alphabet, or whether it be spoken by the Spirit of the Lord, like the songs of Deborah, Miriam, Mary, Elizabeth, David, Isaiah or Jeremiah, whether it be in praise, lamentation, panegyric, satire, reproof or devotion; nothing is so simple or primitive in its nature, so beautiful in its description, nor so sublime in its research. Music, eloquence, and oratory may influence the passions and waft the immortal spirit to the confines of heaven, but poetry opens the everlasting gates, and leads the soul far up the golden streets of the New Jerusalem.

If all that is grand, beautiful and glorious be the ornaments of celestial life, must not all those beings who are born, and who live for its enjoyments, be developed with the powers to appreciate the glories of eternity?

[From Gleason's Pictorial Boat. Ship.]

AUNT NABBY'S STEWED GOOSE.

A YANKEE EXTRAVAGANZA.

It was Aunt Nabby's birthday, and she was bent upon having a stewed goose—stewed in onions, and with cabbage and salt pork to match.

'Pollijah,' said she to me, 'be'nt we got a goose about the farm?'

'No,' said I; 'we ate the old gander at Christmas, and he was the last of the Patriarchs.'

Aunt Nabby went down to Sue, who was getting breakfast.

'Susanna,' she said, 'the boys tells us how we be'nt got a goose in creation; now what shall we do?'

'Go without,' replied Susanna, with that amiable tone which, father said, had worn off her teeth close to the gums.

Aunt Nabby, however, was bent upon a goose; and when such a stiff person gets bent on anything, you may consider the matter settled; and I saw that a goose of some kind or other would be had at some rate.

'Here, you critter,' cried aunt Nabby, to the little black specimen of human frailty that was digging potatoes in the garden—'here, I want you to go along to the neighbors and borrow a goose.'

Cato laid down his hoe, got over the fence, and shovelled off on his pedestals to get a goose.

The first house Cato came to was that of Sam Soap; into the shop went the Yankeefied negro, and made a bow to Mr. Soap, who sat like a dignified Hindoo idol, busily engaged in patching an old blue coat with still older brown rags, and humming most mournfully the air of

'Ye banks and brães of bonny Doon.'

'Mr. Soap,' says Cato, 'haint got no goose nor nothin', haint ye, for aunt Nabby?'

Soap was a literal (not a literary) man, and so he called to his daughter, Propriety, who, having but one eye, was likewise called Justice—that is, by some who were classical.

'Pr'iety,' muttered he, 'gin Cato my goose.'

Pr'iety, like a good girl, took the broad flat-iron off the shelf, and telling Cato to be as 'careful as everlasting not to get it wet,' she wrapped it in a paper; and away went the web-footed mortal to deliver his charge to Susanna.

'My gracious, if that nigger haint got me an iron goose to stew!'

But nevertheless, as it was her business to stew the goose and ask no questions, at it she went; and pretty soon the tailor's treasure was swimming among the onions, carrots, cabbage and spice, all as nice as need be. After breakfast, aunt Nabby had gone abroad to ask in the neighbors, and when she came home, went to see how the goose came on.

'Is it tender, Susanna?' said she. Susanna smiled so sweetly, that the old house-clock in the corner next to the cupboard stopped and held up its hands.

'O, madam,' replied Susanna, 'it's so tender that I guess it wont be more tender arter bein' boiled.'

'And fat?'

'O, bless ye, it's so broad across the back!'

My aunt's mouth watered so that she was forced to look at Susanna to correct the agreeable impression.

Well, noon came, and the neighbors began to drop in. First came the parson, who, being a man of remarkable punctuality, took out his watch as he came in, and for the purpose of seeing how it chimed, he said, with the old clock, he walked into the kitchen, bade Miss Susanna good-day, hoped she continued well in body, and snuffed up the sweet flavors of the preparing sacrifice with expanded nostrils. Next to the minister came the squire; he opened the front door, and seeing no one but me—

'Pollijah,' said he, 'when'll that goose be done?—'cause I'm everlastin' busy settlin' that hay-mow case, and I'd like to know.'

'Ready now, squire,' answered the parson, opening the kitchen door, 'and walk in, and let us have a little chat.'

The squire entered, and he and the minister had a considerable spell of conversation about the hay-mow case.

Just then in came the deacon; and after him the sexton, and so on, till pretty much all the aristocratic democrats of the village had assembled. And then in bustled aunt Nabby, awful fine, I can tell you; and then Susanna and Cato to bring in the dinner; and while they were doing that, the company all took a stiff grog, by way of appetite, and then stroked down their faces and looked at the table. There was a pig roasted and stuffed, and a line of veal, and two old hens, and an everlasting sight of all kinds of sarce, and pies, and puddings, doughnuts and cider; and above at the head of the table, the dish in which lay the hero of the day, 'that ar goose,' smothered in onions, and utterly hid beneath the load of carrots and cabbages. The squire flourished his fork, and pounced upon the pig; the deacon tackled to at the veal; while the sexton went seriously to work to exhume a piece of pork from an avalanche of beans. The minister, with a spoon, gently stirred away a few carrots and onions, in hopes of thus coming to the goose.

'It smells remarkably fine,' says he to aunt Nabby.

'It's particularly fat and tender,' she replied. 'I picked it myself from a whole heap.'

And still the minister poked, till at last the spoon grated upon a surface.

'A skewer, I guess;' and plunging his fork into the onion mass, he struggled to raise the iron handle, with which he had joined issue.

'Bless me,' cried Nabby, what's that ar?'

'I should judge,' said the squire, that was an old goose.'

'Gracious me!' exclaimed the deacon.

Still the minister struggled, and still the goose resisted (aunt Nabby grew nervous;) and the more the minister would struggle, the more the goose wouldn't come. I saw my aunt's eyes dilating—pounce, just when the minister thought he had conquered the enemy, my aunt's claw drove through the onions, and dragging forth the tailor's goose held it at arm's length before the company. The squire had just raised the pig upon his fork, when seeing my aunt's discovery, he dropped it, and the dish was knocked to smash. The sexton had drawn his beans to the edge of the table; another pull as he saw the goose, and over it went. My aunt dropped the cause of this evil, and here went another plate.

The company dined elsewhere, and the next Sunday the minister declined preaching on account of a 'domestic misfortune.' My aunt Nabby soon after died, and the sexton buried her, observing as he did so, that 'she departed, the poor critter, in consequence of an iron goose and broken crockery.'

ILLUSTRATION OF LAW.

A good story was rife in our city, which serves to illustrate that 'possession is nine points of the law.' A is a rather sharp lawyer, and resides next door to B. The houses A and B occupy are similar in appearance, and as they adjoin, are esily mistaken by a comparative stranger. B being out of coal, walks to the coal-market, purchases a load for $3 30, and sends it home. The man of whom he purchased mistakes the residence of A for that of B, and dumps the coal in A's yard. The lawyer's man sees the coal in the yard and gets wheelbarrow and shovel and puts it into the cellar. B is in a 'peck of trouble' that his coal does not come, and goes out to find the man from whom he bought it.

'See here, my country friend, I bought a load of coal of you, and you have not delivered it,' says B, as soon as he had found the collier.

'You bought the load and paid for it, and I delivered it,' said the coal-dealer.

Here the thought struck B that he saw coal in his neighbor's (the lawyer's) yard, and immediately divined the mystery. He starts for the lawyer's office, and finding him in, thus accosted him:

'Mr. A, suppose you should buy a load of coal and the man should put it in the wrong yard, what would you require of the gentleman who appropriated the coal?'

'Well, sir,' said the lawyer, 'I should either make him return the coal or pay the amount I paid for the load.'

'Very well,' said Mr. B, just give me $3 30 and you can retain my load of coal in your cellar. The lawyer gently drew thirty cents from his pocket and handed it to B.

'What does this mean, Mr. A, you owe me three dollars more,' said the astonished B.

'Not at all,' said the lawyer, 'I charge three dollars for my advice.'

INGENIOUS INTRODUCTION.

A certain nobleman in France had the patronage of a small office, the salary of which, though far from being considerable, formed yet an object of ambition to a poor young fellow destitute of employment. To obtain this office he applied to an acquaintance whose name was M. de Ville, and who pretended to have some influence with the nobleman in question. The business was readily undertaken by M. de Ville, who promised to procure for his friend an introduction to the Duke. But the performance of this promise was dilatory in the extreme, and our young candidate's purse and his patience were equally exhausted. In this dilemma he resolved to do that for himself which he was tired of expecting from the friendship of his acquaintance. Seeing the Duke one day walking in the Mall, he suddenly stepped behind him, and familiarly slapped him on the shoulder, with the exclamation of "Ah! how do you do, my old friend?" The Duke turned round with astonishment, when his cunning intruder assuming all the marks of embarrassment and confusion on his countenance, begged pardon for his mistake. "I took you, sir," said he, "for M. de Ville, whom I have been looking for all over the Mall, as he is this day positively to introduce me to his Highness the Duke, a favor I have been expecting every day for nearly a month." The nobleman smiled at the seeming singularity of the adventure, and replied, "Pray what may be your business with his highness? I think I possess some influence." The other then explained his views and his wishes, producing testimonials of his character and abilities. Great men are generally fond of such adventures, and this one ended to the satisfaction of both parties; the young man obtained the situation, and fulfilled the duties of it with skill and integrity.

THE BOY AND THE BRICK.

A boy hearing his father say, "Twas a poor rule that wouldn't work both ways,' said, 'If father applies this rule about his work, I will test it in my play.'

So setting up a row of bricks, he tipped over the first, which striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, which overturned the fourth, and so on, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

'Well,' said the little boy, 'each brick has knocked down his neighbor. I only tipped one. Now I will raise one, and see if he will raise his neighbor.' He looked in vain to see them rise. 'Here, father,' said the boy, "tis a poor rule 'twill not work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up.'

'My son, bricks and mankind are alike made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up.'

'Father,' said the boy, 'does the first brick represent the first Adam?'

The father replied: 'When men fall they love company, but when they rise, they love to stand alone, like yonder brick, and see others prostrate below them.'

MISTAKING SIDES.

A Scottish advocate, who had drunk rather too freely, was called on unexpectedly to plead in a cause in which he had been retained. The lawyer mistook the party for whom he was engaged, and to the great amazement of the agent who had feed him, and the absolute horror of the poor client, who was in court, he delivered a long and fervent speech, directly opposite to the interests he had been called upon to defend. Such was his zeal, that no whispered remonstrance, no jostling of the elbow, could stop him in medio gurgite dicendi. But, just as he was about to sit down, the trembling solicitor in a brief note informed him, that he had been pleading for the wrong party. This intimation, which would have disconcerted most men, had a different effect on the advocate, who, with an air of infinite composure, resumed his oration. "Such, my lords," said he, "is the statement which you will probably hear from my learned brother on the opposite side in this cause. I shall now therefore beg leave, in a few words, to show your lordship how utterly untenable are the principles, and how distorted are the facts, upon which this very specious statement has proceeded." The learned gentleman then went over the whole ground, and did not take his seat until he had completely and energetically refuted the whole of his former pleading.

SATIRIST.

Satirist—one who looks for praise from those he lampoons; who sets his own ill-natured judgment up as a standard by which to condemn all mankind. A distorter of the truth, and the revamper of old scandals.